

REAL RULERS OF NEW YORK; TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

From a Bowery News-boy to State Senator and One of Tammany's Leaders—He Writes No Letters, Has No Office and Is Worth \$400,000.

From time to time The Evening World will print a true, brief history of the real rulers of New York—the men who control the Tammany organization.

There will be no abuse in these articles, but a fair and truthful record of the men as they are and the reasons for their remarkable power.

To most of the citizens of this great city these men are mere names. The Evening World will try to picture them as they are, nothing extenuating and naught setting down in malice.

REAL RULERS OF NEW YORK NO. 1 TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

This is the history of the greatest of all Sullivans—Timothy D., political boss of the second grade, State Senator, race-horse owner, promoter of pugilism, Grand Master of the Order of Eagles, idol of the Bowery and friend of the half-world that dwells upon the border line of either side of the law. There have been and are many Sullivans of great renown, but none of them is so conspicuous in the public eye as this particular Sullivan; none possessed of so many unique qualities, or whose career teaches so valuable a lesson of the uses and abuses to which political influence may be adapted.

Rule of Police.
"Tim" Sullivan is known to more men and women in the United States than any other New Yorker. By them he is credited with a greater power than that of any official in the city or State. His name is used in the sporting world more frequently than that of any other politician in the country. If one-tenth of the achievements accredited to him are really true he is the real ruler of the New York Police Department; he can make or unmake chiefs of police, compel the transfers of captains, sergeants, roundsmen and patrolmen at will, dictate appointments, secure the discharge of prisoners or the quashing of indictments against them, regulate the number of poolrooms and gambling houses in the city and fix the tariff (sometimes called blackmail) each must pay, secure more patronage under the city government than any other political leader.

He can doubtless do many of these things, and there is no lacking proof of his success in such undertakings. There is also evidence that he cannot accomplish a great many of the things which his loyal followers claim to his credit. Some of his political associates in the management of Tammany Hall found down upon the methods followed by "Tim" in getting ahead of the world; others, of the first grade, regard his away over the thousands of men and women who blindly believe in his power, as a joke.

His critics pronounce him an enemy of society. His friends pay admiring tribute to him for "bluffing his way through"—that is, by making people believe he possesses greater power than he really has. The knowing ones regard "Tim" as a man who has been acting for "the organization" in a Pickwickian sense. Richard Croker, they say, does not approve of many of "Tim's" undertakings.

That he is a man of remarkable attainments is attested by the fact that he knows just how to behave, and that he never ventures beyond that safe line. Much of his success is due to his appreciation of the value of silence.

Man of Mystery.

There is much mystery surrounding him and his affairs. He never takes too much of an explanation or replies to critics. A great deal of his success is due to the fact that few men have ever attempted to call him "bluff." And in the grade of society in which Tim Sullivan operates "bluff" forms a large percentage of the stock in trade of a man.

"Tim" is careful not to antagonize officials or persons who are in position to dispute his ambition. He operates in the dark, as it were, and is very careful to dodge the focus of the lime-light of publicity. Not one of his score of agents he employs to transact his business knows the extent of his enterprise. He does not impose implicit confidence in any one. Not even his cousin and his most intimate friend, "Young Tim" Sullivan, former bootblack and present Assemblyman, knows the character of his business relations. His interests are so diversified that he is able to keep his friends from the "little fellow," who possesses many qualities that in the eyes of his friends make him less offensive than most of his critics believe him to be. They say he is straightforward, direct and truthful. They represent him to be genial and generous, and as a great many men have reason to know, is a faithful friend and a welcomed everywhere among politicians.

Personal Popularity.

It is said of him that he can secure more favors in the municipal department than any other leader in New York. His word and "markings" are as good as cash on the race track or in any other sporting venture. His judgment on the merits of a sporting controversy is accepted as final and impartially.

This great Sullivan's life history is simple. Almost every man who reads newspapers knows that he began as a newsboy and as a product of the streets, to whom education was and is a sealed book. He was brought up in the Bowery and solved the mysteries of that picturesque thoroughfare and of the overcrowded east side, with its teeming thousands of polyglot population, before he could become the al-



PHOTOGRAPH BY
Sullivan-DALTMAN

phabet. He took to politics as a duck takes to water. He learned the practical value of the game before he learned any of the theories of politics. He became an Assemblyman, then a Senator, conspicuous in the eyes of both for his ready grasp of the material and personal possibilities of legislation. He was never a speechmaker, though he has made many other more desirable things.

Today this great Sullivan is at the height of his development and fame, the result of seventeen years' evolution through the various grades of politics, a picturesque and commanding figure in the public eye.

Picturesque Personality.
He is thirty-eight years old. His face is frank and engaging. His manner is rugged and forceful. He is 6 feet 11-12 inches tall. He weighs 190 pounds. His figure is athletic; his movements active and restless. His eye is large and keen; his smile engaging and spontaneous. Sullivan knows how to laugh; he is always cheery and good-natured.

In a crowd he is the sort of man one makes up one's mind to follow. He is a natural leader, his figure towering above the heads of others. His personal habits are decidedly more exemplary than his political methods. He has never touched a drop of liquor in his life and has never smoked a cigar. He is rarely out of bed after 11 o'clock at night. Long before most men have turned over for a final nap in the morning "Tim" Sullivan has breakfasted and started in to handle the business of his day.

However far he may stray from the Bowery in these days of his prosperity, when he is rarely seen in his old haunts, his loyal followers are not troubled by his occasional absences. He is a man of many faces, but his true face is that of a man who has never been deceived by the flattery of his friends.

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these people he is regarded with greater awe than the President of the United States—and in return they help him at election times to prove his power.

King of the Bowery.

His willingness to help them is exaggerated and accepted by them as proof of even greater influence. Ask any man or woman in the Bowery or on the east side, and they will tell you that "Tim Sullivan is the most powerful man in New York."

Any barkeeper or sporting man in New Orleans, San Francisco or Chicago will claim personal friendship with the great Sullivan and attribute to him power that to a New Yorker savors strangely of a joke. But he is not long as nobody attempts to unseat him. Tim doesn't mind.

Sullivan has his district behind him and controls it more thoroughly than any of the other leaders control theirs. He rarely meets the leaders of the first rank. He does not frequent the Democratic Club. His name for that institution is "Dead man's rest." He is not a habitué of Delmonico's, where the upper crust of Tammany Hall leaders assemble. He rarely sees Richard Croker. When that big boss wants him he sends for him—if he can find him.

Sullivan, in spite of his activity, is the hardest man to find in New York City. He is rarely to be found at his home. He has no office. He employs no clerks or bookkeepers. The sweat-band of Sullivan's hat contained all the memoranda of his business in existence. He flashes in and out of city departments or courts with the swiftness of a bullet. When he wants to see any one of his agents or confidential friends he makes appointments, usually in the early morning, at some resort—at the Metropole Hotel, in a room at a season in the Bowery, or in the Dewey Theatre, which he and George Kraus own; at the Grand Union Hotel, or at the Battery. His associations are mainly of the sporting class, closely allied to the gambling or liquor industry.

At Albany his office is a table in a restaurant. Here he receives his agents and the patrons of his bounty. He probably supports more men who have no other visible means of livelihood than he does in public life. His agents include the employees of hotels, bar-rooms, pool-rooms, lawyers and employees of race tracks. He rarely dis-

cusses his business with any man before a third party.

He never writes letters, but transacts his business direct with presidents of the greatest corporations in New York, to whom he is useful, as well as with his political or business agents.

A great deal of his business he transacts over the telephone. He is as likely to call up a man in New York from Chicago, Washington or Boston before the man knows he is out of town, as he does not court publicity. Whenever there is any public discussion or some deal or questionable business undertaking in which he is supposed to be identified he is pretty certain to be heard from at Hot Springs, Ark., or at New Orleans.

About the best place to find him in New York is at a race track, and he sends his wagers to the betting ring by his innumerable commissioners and hangers-on. He owned a dozen race horses and won money on them, which he lost by betting on the horses of others. He is classed as a "pool-room fiend," and is one of the biggest bettors that frequent such establishments.

Man of Many Things.

Of his business interests (7) there is as much mystery as there is about his personal movements. That he is "in" on many undertakings concerning which there is very little public knowledge is manifest from his present prosperity. He is believed to have an interest in many public contracts and to share what is called the "rake-off" of certain "protection funds" raised by contributions from persons and to share what Sullivan and his colleagues assume to control by virtue of the favoritism of public officials. He has been charged with sharing the \$3,000,000 paid to be annually raised to protect pool-rooms, gambling houses and other resorts conducted in defiance of the law. As a matter of fact he is declared to be the promoter of this scheme. If this charge is true he covers his tracks so well that the agents of the Committee of Fifteen and of Justice Jerome have been unable to find any conclusive proof of it. He enjoys some source of revenue in excess of the trifling \$1,500 that the State pays him for his position as Justice of the Peace.

He owns two theatres, an interest in at least two hotels and is the owner of a large number of other properties. Before the return to power of Tammany Hall in 1897 he was "broke." Now he is believed to be worth \$400,000.

WOULD SHOOT HIS COUSIN.

Charles S. Davis Tells Why He Demanded Money.

(Special to The Evening World)

BOSTON, June 7.—This is the story of Charles S. Davis, of No. 160 West Twenty-third street, New York, who was arrested yesterday on the charge of demanding \$200 of his cousin, Edward D. Emerson, of No. 166 Devonshire street, and threatening to "shoot him" as he would a mad dog if the money was not paid.

"Yes, I wrote those threatening letters, and I meant every word I said in them," Davis said to Inspector Gaddis this morning.

"I intended to shoot him if he did not give me the money. I had been robbed. I'm penniless, while others enjoy thousands of my expenses."

He told his story. Ten years ago an uncle of Davis and Mr. Emerson and another cousin died. Davis says his share of the property was between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

Davis said that it fell to his lot to accept mining stock as the equivalent of the money. The stock went to him, Davis lost money in speculation. Soon his ready money was gone. All he had left was the mining stock.

He went to Mr. Emerson and his cousin and made a proposition to sell the stock. They bought it. Its value went up with a leap. Emerson and the other cousin are credited with having netted by the purchase \$20,000.

Davis claims that they must have been aware of the value of the stock and charges that they are enjoying property which should have gone to him.

"That's the story," he said. "I was robbed, and the knowledge that I had been drove me to what I did."

BOY STABBED BY PLAYMATE.

Dispute Over Wrestling Prowess Leads to Serious Affray.

Eugene Hittcher, sixteen years of age, is lying at his home, No. 25 Towerhill avenue, Union Hill, N. J., in a dying condition as the result of a stab wound said to have been inflicted by John Setzer, fifteen years old, of No. 25 Towerhill avenue.

The two boys were chums and had always been on the best of terms. Yesterday they had a dispute as to who was the better wrestler and they decided to settle the question last night. Accompanied by some other boys they went to a vacant lot in West New York, where they engaged in a wrestling bout.

Hittcher was declared the winner. Setzer was so enraged at his defeat, it is said, that he took out a penknife and stabbed Hittcher in the breast, leaving the knife sticking in the wound. Setzer then escaped while Hittcher was taken to his home in an unconscious condition.

Dr. Justin was summoned, and has since been in attendance on the wounded boy. The police have not been able to find young Setzer.

Postmaster Appointed.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Lawson V. Wright was appointed Postmaster at Schenectady, N. Y., today. George L. Schenck was named for Morristown, N. J., and John Thompson for Woodbridge.

Will Be Moved Again.

Remains of Abraham Lincoln to Be Placed Under Block of Cement.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 7.—The remains of Abraham Lincoln are to be reinterred, as Robert T. Lincoln is convinced that the grave is not secure. The remains will be placed this time under a huge block of cement that body snatchers cannot penetrate.

Case Goes to Jury.

(Special to The Evening World)

BOSTON, June 7.—Dr. Sumner Paine appeared in court today and waived examination on the charge of attempting to kill Peter Damm, the music teacher, whom he found in his house.

The case goes to the Grand Jury. Dr. Paine's bond was fixed at \$500.

Vogel Brothers 42nd Str. Cor. 8th Ave. MEN'S MODERN CLOTHING At LOW PRICES.



Men's Blue Serge Suits at \$10. Blue Serge Suits that thousands of men have given the stamp of approval by buying, made by the most skilled tailors into regular broad shouldered sack suits, of a fabric that is strong yet light in weight, suits that are really worth \$14; our special price..... \$10

Men's Light Weight Black Cheviot Suits at \$10. We place on sale 500 Men's Light Weight Cheviot Suits, just from our workrooms, well made and cut in the broad-shouldered sack style. These suits were made up to sell for \$14; special price..... \$10

Men's Light Weight Cheviot Suits at \$12. Made of a loosely woven, strong fabric, to let in a little air; they make cool and comfortable suits for the hot days of summer. An endless variety of colors and patterns in stripes, checks and large plaids. They're made in short, square-shouldered military or the regular sack suit, and range in value from \$14 to \$18. Our special price..... \$12

Men's Light Weight Worsteds Suits at \$15. Very light in weight and summy in pattern; checks, stripes, and indistinct over-plaids and light stripes; for these same suits made as we make them a merchant tailor would charge \$25. Our special price..... \$15

Men's Striped Serge Suits at \$15. Judging by the large quantities of striped serge suits we have been selling for the past two weeks, it would seem that we are the only clothing store that has them. This is not altogether so, but we are the only ones that sell these high priced suits at \$15. They're made in the smart, short, broad shouldered military sack coat, half lined with a light weight molar serge, vests single-breasted, trousers with belt straps and cut wide over the hips. Special price..... \$15

Every necessary wearable for men's comfort is here, and no matter how low the prices you can rest assured that the make and quality are the best.

Men's Straw Hats in all the new shapes, from the broad, heavy brimmed sailor to the large, light weight Alpine; prices from..... 50c. to \$3.00

Men's Negligee Shirts—Everything that's new and up-to-date in plain white, neat stripes and extreme novelties; prices from..... 50c. to \$3.95

Men's Low Shoes—The fashionable shapes in Patent Leather, Russia Calf and Vic Kid; every style that's right for summer wear; special at..... 25c. to \$1.50

Men's Wash Vests—White, stripes and fancy patterns, from..... \$1.00 to \$3.00

Vogel Brothers 42nd Str. Cor. 8th Ave. OPEN SATURDAY EVENING TILL 10.30.

GERMAN COLORED LADY ASTONISHES THE JUDGE.

Josephine Norris, as Black as the Ace of Spades, Could Speak Only the Language of the Kaiser.

Josephine Norris, of 22 West Thirty-second street, was arrested last night by Detective Beant for disorderly conduct at the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Seventh avenue.

Now Josephine is what is colloquially known as a "colored lady"—the same quality of dye apparently having been applied to the formation of her complexion that confectioners use in the coating or manufacture of chocolate drops.

Josephine's nocturnal complexion is worth remembering in connection with what developed when she was arraigned before Magistrate Brann in Jefferson Market Court this morning.

"Well, Josephine, what have you got to say to the charge against you?" asked Magistrate Brann.

"Nichts verstein!"

"What's that? I say what reply have you to make to this charge of disorderly conduct?"

"Yah! Yah! Was is los? Ist niemand hier etwas Deutsch verstein?"

The Magistrate interrupted her flow of speech, and with a look of astonishment on his judicial countenance made another try at this unique combination of color and lingo.

"Are you an Italian?" inquired the Magistrate, endeavoring to come to some sort of understanding with the prisoner.

"Donnerverget! nosh elmal! Du schaffst! Denkst sieh bin ein ordinarisches Engländer coon?"

The Magistrate stammered and became flustered for a few minutes. Then he called the Italian interpreter, who began: "Parlate Italiano."

"Ach, du lieber! wie sind alle verstein!" replied the dusky dame, who evidently wasn't Italian at all.

As she left the court-room, turning back to the Magistrate and showing a row of smiling ivory set in a background of darkness, Josephine sweetly murmured: "Danke schoen! Kuss die hand, mein lieber herr!"

he thought Lubbe was insane. He was in civilian's clothes to-day. He was very quiet.

TROOPERS TO LEAVE CAMP.

Squadron A and Troop C Start for Home to-Morrow.

PEERSKILL, N. Y., June 7.—Squadron A and Troop C went through their last day's work in State camp here today. The cavalrymen start for home to-morrow, when they will be relieved by the Eighth Regiment. They will return over the same route they came camping over night at Ossining or Tarrytown. The troopers expect to reach the city about noon on Sunday.

Gen. Roe in speaking of the showing made by the cavalrymen said that the weeks' tour would end with general satisfaction to the troopers as well as to the commander of the post and his staff.



The Colored German Lady.

Then they tried her in French, the Magistrate sternly rebuking himself for not having guessed she was a French colored lady in the first place. "Why, of course," said the Court, "Josephine, that's a French name."

"Vous etes Francaise, mademoiselle!" "Ich bin eine deutsche fraulein, und eine echte 'fray,'" was wullen sie haben mit mir?" replied Josephine, exasperated and growing red in the face. If it could only be seen through her Vandylck brown complexion.

As a final experiment a court officer went out after the German interpreter to see what he could do with Josephine's dialect. That settled it. She was a German colored lady, and after she told her story the Magistrate discharged her.

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POLICEMAN LUBBE MAD?

Father Took Him To-Day to the Insane Pavilion.

John Lubbe, a policeman attached to the Steamboat Squad, twenty-seven years of age, who lives at No. 20 East Fifty-sixth street, was taken to the Insane Pavilion at Bellevue Hospital to-day by his father, Frederick Lubbe. The father said he believed his son was insane and wanted the doctors to examine him. Lubbe was held for observation.

Lubbe was before Deputy Commissioner Devery yesterday on charges of being absent from duty and off post. He was fined \$25, or \$5 each on five charges. After he had been fined he observed that "there were too many bosses" in the business.

Deputy Commissioner Devery said that

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-BASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Base. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Allen, 149 N. Y.

C. WASHINGTON'S FAMILY COACH.

Ancient Vehicle Dug Up and Given to Society of Women.

George Washington's old coach, in which the "Father of His Country" and Martha Washington made their famous trip from Mount Vernon, Va., to Savannah, Ga., during Washington's second term as President has been presented to the "Ladies' Association of the Union" by Augustus Frey, of No. 270 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

The coach was exhibited at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. It was bought by Benjamin Richardson, a brother of the late Joseph Richardson, of "Spitz House" fame. After he died Frey bought it.

The "Ladies' Association of the Union" is composed of one representative from each State, called vice-presidents. The President is Mrs. Townsend, of this city. The society's headquarters are in Mount Vernon.

The old coach is in a barn at One Hundred and Sixty-fourth street and Sheridan avenue. It will be shipped to Mount Vernon on Monday and put among the other relics of Washington.

MURPHY ON THE RAIDS.

Wouldn't Have Such Doings If Jerome Was a Private Citizen.

"What do you think of the alleged raids on pool-rooms by Justice Jerome?" was the question put to Police Commissioner Murphy to-day by an Evening World reporter.

"You do well to say alleged raids," replied the Commissioner. "But I do not wish to criticize the judiciary."

"If Justice Jerome was a private citizen, would you put a stop to the raids?"

"Yes, indeed, I would stop them quick," said Commissioner Murphy, with emphasis.

BOY UNDER CAR FENDER.

Pushed Along After Being Knocked Down and Seriously Hurt.

Albert Masoley, fourteen years old, of No. 21 East Seventy-third street, while crossing Second avenue, at Seventy-third street, to-day, was knocked down by a rapidly moving car.

The boy was pushed along under the fender until the car was stopped. He was seriously injured about the head and body. An ambulance took him to the Presbyterian Hospital.

BARGAINS AT "SANDLER'S."

Clothiers Will Cut Prices One-third for To-Morrow's Sale.

"Sandler's," clothiers at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, announce that they have cut all their prices one-third for Saturday's sale. They offer big bargains in men's, boys' and children's clothing for that day.

STUDENT KILLED BY TRAIN.

Columbia College Man Got on Wrong Track and Was Crushed.

Frank O'Dwyer, twenty-five years old, of No. 62 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, a student at Columbia University, was instantly killed late last night at Williamsbridge, by an inbound express train of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. His body was horribly crushed.

The young man was a graduate of the De La Salle Institute and yesterday had attended some athletic sports of the De La Salle students at Berkeley Oval. Before starting for home O'Dwyer with a young friend named Walsh, had dinner at the Temples and reached the Williamsbridge Railroad station. There are four tracks at that point. The last express train, which does not stop at Williamsbridge, was passing at the time. O'Dwyer did not know this and descended to the western tracks. When he discovered his error he attempted to take a short cut by crossing the tracks, climbing a couple of fences in doing so. He had got over one fence and on the tracks reserved for fast trains when he was struck.